

A True Relation of a Brisk and Bloody Encounter which happened upon the 13th. of February, between the *Tyger* Frigate, Captain *Harman*, Commander; and the *Schoberleus* of Holland, Vice-Admiral of Young *Evertson's* Squadron, Pasqual *De Wit* Captain, near *Cadix* in Spain: Where the said *De Wit*, to Vindicate his Honour (being suspected of Cowardise by the *Spaniards*, for quitting his Station upon the *Tygers* approach) Challenged Captain *Harman* to Fight the next day: And having double Man'd his Ship, the Number being 270 Men, came up with the *Tyger*, who had but a 180 Men on Board, within a League of *Cadix* Bay, within the View of all the Inhabitants. These two Ships being come within half Pistol shot one of another, Fired their Broad-sides, where the *Tyger* did such Execution, that he Disabled their Adversaries Topmast-Yard, Kill'd and wounded 80 of their men without any considerable Damage to himself: And immediately Laying him Aboard on the Bow, after half an hours Dispute, Entered his Men and made him Yield; Carrying his Prize miserable Shattered and Torn, to the Admiration of all the People: The *Dutch* having Lost 140 Men, besides 86 Wounded: And the *English* Losing but Nine, and Fifteen wounded, amongst whom the Captain himself was Shot under the Left-Eye by a Musquet Shot, but is in good hopes of Recovery.

Tune of, *Digby's Farewell*.



Come all you brave Sea-men of Courage so free,
Come lend your attention and listen to me,
For here is good News that is late come to Town
Which is for your Credit, and England's Renown,
Of brave Captain *Harman* 'tis now I must tell,
Who near unto *Cadiz* behav'd himself well
And taught a Dutch Captain whose name is *de Wit*,
To know he had Valour, and made him submit.
The *Tyger* from *Tangier* to *Cadiz* made way,
Whereas the *de Wit*, the Dutch Admiral lay,
But soon as the Dutchman our Frigate esp'd,
They straight into Port with all diligence h'd;
Which caused the *Spaniards* about for to say,
He quitted his Station and durst not to stay;
Whereat the proud Dutchman did fume and did fret,
And wish't in his heart that they never had met.
Then taking advice of young *Evertson* straight,
A Challenge he sent with the *Tyger* to fight,

To regain his Honour if so it might be,
The which was accepted immediately,
His Ship with stout Seamen he then double Mann'd,
And thought that our English was merely Trappan'd,
But in the conclusion he found it not so,
They paid him his Reckoning before he did go.
Two hundred and seventy Men he had there,
And but half so many the *Tyger* did bear,
Of brave English hearts, and of Courage most free
That scorn'd to be dunted in any degree:
Then up they did come within half Pistol shot,
Their Broad-sides they fired, and Men went tot' h'ot,
Whil' all the whole Town did come out to behold,
And see them Encounter with Courage most bold.
With Broad-sides of Bullets and Shot that was Bar'd
We quickly disabled *de Wits* Top-mast Yard,
And fourscore men they had wounded and slain,
Which made them to fret but it was but in vain.

146
We'll show them such Valour as never was shown,
I'll take their Ship-Prize, or I'll venture my own.

82
Then quickly they Grappled, and then the dispute
Was desperate and bloody whil' st Cannons were mute,
For half an hours space the hot Service was such,
Our Men remain'd Victors, and conquer'd the Dutch
And then they submitted themselves to be Prize,
Which all the brave *Spaniards*, beheld with their eyes,
And our English Valour did highly commend,
Since *Harman* had forc'd the proud Dutch for to bend.

The Prize was so shattered and torn in the Fray,
They scarcely could get her safe into the Bay:
For to *Harman's* Honour, *de Wit* must confess,
He nere was so thumped before I do guess,
'Twill teach him hereafter more humble to be
To yield to his betters in every degree;
By woeful experience he now can relate,
What 'tis to sell Honour at so dear a rate.

Of Dutchmen one hundred and forty were slain,
And eighty six wounded, which languish in pain,
Of all our brave English we lost but just nine,
And therefore we have no great cause to repine,
Besides fifteen wounded the truth for to tell,
All which through God's mercy we hope will do well.
Such Blessings the Lord has for England in store,
We lost not much more then a man to a score.

Brave *Harman* who fought where the Battel was hot
Was struck through the cheek with a chance Musket shot
But yet there is hopes he'll recover again
And live for to win more Renown on the Main;
Whatever his Valour is highly extol'd,
Amongst our English Worthies he shall be enrol'd
Who fought for true Honour, glad Trydings to bring,
How well he had serv'd both his Countrey and King.

Then cheer up brave Seamen, and Englishmen bold
You here by this story which here I have told;
No Seamen nor Souldiers can with us compare,
Although they have odds yet to fight them we dare;
Throughout the whole World a terrour shall prove
If we can continue in union and Love:
And thus you may see by these Lines I have writ,
How stout Captain *Harman* did Conquer *De Wit*.

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